

PR 6025  
.A797 L8

1912

Copy 2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0000318870A









LYRICAL POEMS  
LUCY LYTTTELTON





LYRICAL POEMS BY  
LUCY LYTTELTON



PORLAND MAINE  
THOMAS B MOSHER  
MDCCCCXII

copy 2

PR6025

A797L8

P12  
copy 2

COPYRIGHT

THOMAS B MOSHER

1912

© CLA 327615 ✓  
A

*A*s one that keeps an unbesieged wall,  
From his unthreatened post beholds each day  
Others go shouting down the road away  
Unto the battle, hears the bugle call  
Others to arms, and still the days go by  
And none requires him, till one morning red  
He hears the clatter of the courier's tread,  
His captain's voice with a new meaning cry.  
Then from the wall he takes his virgin spear,  
Girds him with trembling fingers for a fray  
Long imaged, long desired, after delay  
Now come at last, his hour, his joy, his fear.  
*So from the quiet shelter of my home*  
*I heard your voice, and at your bidding come.*



## CONTENTS

|                                     | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| QUOD SEMPER . . . . .               | 3    |
| VENI CREATOR . . . . .              | 6    |
| A VISION . . . . .                  | 7    |
| A JAPANESE WIDOW . . . . .          | 9    |
| THE MYSTIC . . . . .                | 11   |
| INNOCENTS' DAY . . . . .            | 13   |
| A WITCH'S SONG . . . . .            | 15   |
| DREAM GARDEN . . . . .              | 17   |
| VOX INFIRMITATIS . . . . .          | 19   |
| ALADDIN . . . . .                   | 21   |
| THE BLACK MADONNA . . . . .         | 22   |
| TENEBRAE . . . . .                  | 23   |
| THE DEAD SAILOR . . . . .           | 25   |
| RONDEL OF LONDON . . . . .          | 26   |
| A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS . . . . . | 27   |
| SONG OF REVOLUTION . . . . .        | 29   |
| THE SPHINX . . . . .                | 31   |
| UT CARO INFIRMA . . . . .           | 33   |
| BEFORE SLEEP . . . . .              | 34   |
| A RIDING SONG . . . . .             | 35   |

## CONTENTS

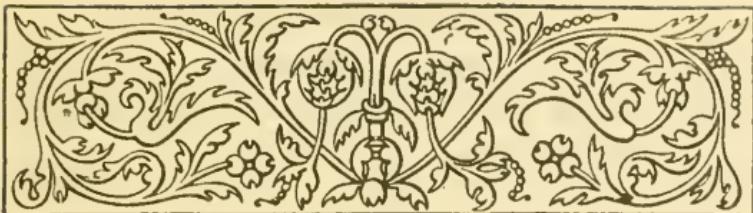
|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE . . . . .             | 36   |
| EVEN UNTO THIS DAY . . . . .             | 37   |
| THE CRY OF THE SLAIN . . . . .           | 40   |
| CRADLE SONG . . . . .                    | 41   |
| SIMON THE CYRENEAN . . . . .             | 43   |
| THREE YEARS AGO . . . . .                | 45   |
| SONG OF AUTOLYCUS . . . . .              | 46   |
| MARINER'S SONG . . . . .                 | 47   |
| WESTMINSTER ABBEY AT MID-NIGHT . . . . . | 48   |
| THE HARVESTER OF SORROWS . . . . .       | 49   |
| A CRY ON CALVARY . . . . .               | 51   |
| EVENING HYMN IN A CITY . . . . .         | 52   |



## LYRICAL POEMS







## QUOD SEMPER

### CHILD



HAT wind is this across the  
roofs so softly makes his way,  
That hardly makes the wires  
to sing, or soaring smokes to  
sway?

### WIND

I am a weary southern wind that blows the  
livelong day

Over the stones of Babylon,  
Babylon, Babylon,  
The ruined walls of Babylon, all fallen in decay.

Oh, I have blown o'er Babylon when royal  
was her state,  
When fifty men in gold and steel kept watch  
at every gate,  
When merchant-men and boys and maids  
thronged early by and late

Under the gates of Babylon,  
Babylon, Babylon,  
The marble gates of Babylon, when Babylon  
was great.

### CHILD

Good weary wind, a little while pray let your  
course be stayed,  
And tell me of the talk they held and what the  
people said,  
The funny folk of Babylon before that they  
were dead,  
That walked abroad in Babylon,  
Babylon, Babylon,  
Before the towers of Babylon along the ground  
were laid.

### WIND

The folk that walked in Babylon, they talked  
of wind and rain,  
Of ladies' looks, of learned books, of merchants'  
loss and gain,  
How such-an-one loved such-a-maid that loved  
him not again  
(For maids were fair in Babylon,  
Babylon, Babylon),  
Also the poor in Babylon of hunger did com-  
plain.

### CHILD

But this is what the people say as on their way  
they go,  
Under my window in the street, I heard them  
down below.

### WIND

What other should men talk about five thou-  
sand years ago?

For men they were in Babylon,  
Babylon, Babylon,

That now are dust in Babylon I scatter to-and-  
fro.

## VENI CREATOR

SPIRIT of God, Thou whose breath is the  
burning flame of a fire,  
Into the brazier of clay in whose crumbling  
chalice I keep  
Under the cumbering ashes a soul that  
smoulders asleep,  
Breathe though the clay should consume,  
breathe, ere the embers expire.

Lest all the spirits that throng unseen in the  
darkness should say,  
“Surely the sentinel sleeps, for the cresset is  
empty and dark.  
O indifferent guard and unkind, to show for  
us never a spark.  
Give her no word as you pass, that gives us  
no light on our way.”

## A VISION

O WHO are these that gather above the  
glassy sea?

These are dead men rising, each in his degree.  
These are dead men rising to hear their God's  
decree,

For Time is done.

"Stand forth, David Morgan, in winter tempests  
lost."

But there came no answer from all the starry  
host.

God spake in heaven above the banners crossed  
And trumpets blown.

"Bring him from the ocean, from the bitter  
wave and bare,

Search the Bay of Biscay from Ushant to Finis-  
terre.

Lapped in ocean tangle you shall find him there,  
Fathoms down.

"Where is Owen Griffiths?" Broken and  
alone

Crushed he lies in darkness beneath Festiniog  
stone.

"Bring his broken body before me to the throne  
For a crown.

“Oftentimes in secret in prayer he came to me.  
Now to men and angels I know him openly.  
I that was beside him when he came to die  
Fathoms down.

“And, Evan Jones, stand forward, whose life was  
shut in gloom,  
And a narrow grave they gave you 'twixt marble  
tomb and tomb.  
But now the great that trod you shall give you  
elbow room  
And renown.

“From the iron cavern, from the bitter tide,  
Yea I call my chosen to the marriage of the  
Bride.  
Up the steep of heaven I call them to my side,  
And to my throne.”

## A JAPANESE WIDOW

YESTEREVE was the fight, and though  
far is the alien ocean  
Where the battleships meeting smote, and  
thundered, and sank :  
Though round the staggering hulls the wind is  
roaring in tempest,  
Swift is the flight of a soul, soon will the dead  
be at home.

Seemly in porcelain dishes are set the branches  
I gathered,  
Where by the window the almond tosses her  
blossoming boughs,  
Duly the tablets are graved, and the smoke of  
the offering rises,  
And by the doorway the lamp shines through  
the storm like a star.

What is the shape white-winged that is sailing  
slow by the window ?  
Only the stork that is flying home to his mate  
in the reeds.  
Lo ! as lonely I sit, stirring the slumbering  
embers,  
How my desolate heart leaps like a flame in  
my breast !

Is it but under the storm that the bamboos  
rustle and shudder?

• • • • •  
Stand, O ye Mighty, away from the savour till  
he be refreshed,  
For the warrior-spirit, weary with flight o'er the  
ocean,  
Entered but now in your midst. The dead, my  
dead, has come home !

## THE MYSTIC

THROUGH all the day our loads we bear,  
By common highways we must go,  
And when at night, we rest, we hear  
The Voice again, whereby we know  
Through all the rush of hurrying feet  
ONE walked beside us in the street.

Then wide your spirit's casement fling,  
Your censer fill and lift it high !  
Behold its flame is flickering  
Because a Wind is blowing nigh ;  
Look forth, and see a Shadow fall  
Upon the common roadside wall.

“ Folly ! ” the world may say ; “ We name  
Your vision empty phantasy.  
What is the flicker of a flame  
A wandering shadow passing by ? ”  
But we, we know who went unseen  
Our censer and the world between.

O ye that walk this dusty place,  
Whose spirit in the clamour reels,  
Whose ears are filled with nothingness,  
Unmeaning drone of endless wheels.  
Come walk with us, and you shall learn  
Whose hands their mighty axles turn.

'T is but our nightly way we tread  
With dizzy brain and bruised feet,  
While clouds of dust all fiery red  
Sweep to the sunset up the street,  
Yet the gloom quivers. Hush ! and hark !  
Who was it called us from the dark ?

## INNOCENTS' DAY

“O, WHERE do you come from, children, children,  
Children of the flying hair and shining visage  
white?”

“O, the evening skies were riven,  
And we tumbled out of heaven,  
And we run the winter meadows till the coming  
of the light.”

“What names are ye called by, children, children?

Above your empty cradles what mother sits  
forlorn?”

“No mother's voice we knew  
And no mother's breast we drew,  
And for names, we never bore them, for we  
died ere we were born.”

“What have ye forsaken, children, children,  
To run in furrowed meadows where the winter  
winds are cold?”

“We have left in heaven high  
Where the mighty angels fly  
Our places on the shining steps of Mary's  
throne of gold.”

“ And how will ye return, my children, children?

O little-winged and naked limbed, ye cannot fly so far.”

“ O, the good St. John will spread His mantle wide and red,  
And lift us through the morning and beyond the morning star.

He will lift us to the gate where the mighty angels wait,

And we shall play their feet among another long year through.

For to-night, to-night alone,  
Forsake we Mary’s throne  
To run the earth a little while, the earth we never knew.”

## A WITCH'S SONG

**S**AITH the bringer of dreams when the day-light was hidden  
And over the beeches the round moon arose,  
“Out of the shades where the strawberries redden,  
Out of the leaves where the flowers unclose,  
From the green glades where rose-petals, driven  
By whispering breezes, fall scented and white,  
    What shall I bring you,  
    O what shall I sing you  
Out of the shadows of midsummer even,  
Out of the darkness of midsummer night?  
  
“From the tall trees shall I bring for your  
    dreaming  
Ripple and throb of the nightingale’s song,  
Or from still lakes shall I gather the gleaming  
Shimmers and spreads where the wind goes  
    along?  
Shall I bring stars for you out of high heaven  
Garland the moonbeams to make you delight?  
    What shall I bring you  
    O what shall I sing you  
Out of the shadows of midsummer even,  
Out of the darkness of midsummer night?  
  
“Or shall I seek where forgetfulness covers  
Songs of old revellers, shouts of old strife,

Flame of spent torches and vows of dead lovers,  
Clatter of gallopers riding for life?  
Swiftly make choice, for the morning is breaking,  
Dreams are swift-pinioned, soon lost in delay.

What shall I bring you,  
O what shall I sing you?

Soon dries the dew when the sun is awaking,  
Who can be dreaming when once it is day?"

## DREAM GARDEN

**E**NCOMPASSED round about with mighty walls,

'Twixt mill and market all the working day,  
Our spirits labour till the darkness falls,  
When none may work and every soul can stray

Into the garden still beneath the sky  
Slumbrous and full of shades that never stir,  
Where glassy streams are moving silently  
Through dreaming lotus and red persichier,

Where sings no bird in any tangled brake,  
Nor ever breeze among the branches moves,  
Where heavy headed lilies, half-awake  
Fill with their perfume all the orange groves.

The souls of sleeping men awake in dreams,  
On level pinions drift across those glades,  
And drink and dip their hands in voiceless  
streams

That glimmer under the unwavering shades,

And there the lonely are in company  
And view with quiet and a dimmed surprise,  
Between the heartease and the rosemary,  
The souls of unforgotten dead arise.

And in the midst a pillar stands to read  
“Here are all wrongs forgot, all bonds released.”  
O Spirits sapphire-winged and slumber freed,  
All tangles are undone, all burdens eased !

All cries made quiet ; here are found again  
Wrath-sundered friends, for here all wrath is  
still.

Strife and misconstruing are far and vain,  
And things despaired of compassed here at will.

Night in the gulf the wheels of night have stayed  
And sleep the gate of amethyst unbârs,  
And round our borders are arrayed  
The everlasting armies of the stars.

## VOX INFIRMITATIS

**N**OT for our soon-forgotten day,  
Not that our looks are slow and blind,  
That Thou hast set the mountain way  
For lame and stumbling feet to find,  
In hands too small hast lain the sword —  
Not for our weakness spare us, Lord.

But for our single day of might,  
When, long remote, the tempests blow,  
The hidden altar flames to sight,  
And high the immortal beacons show.  
When these great hours shall lie forgot,  
Have mercy, Lord, and spare us not.

Have mercy, when the glassy tide  
Stirs not the stiller haven's sleep ;  
Our coward prayers be then denied,  
The harbour with Thy surges sweep,  
And hale into the clamorous seas  
The ships that shelter there at ease.

Now in mine hour of strength I cry  
The unfettered soul's discerning prayer ;  
Though pain and fear his company,  
Thy living burden grant me bear.  
When weakness shall the words unsay,  
O Thou that hearest, turn away.

O Giver of the burning dream  
To things of clay that fall in dust,  
Since for no merit fell the gleam,  
Neither for strength we hold the trust,  
Not for unworthiness deny  
The armour and the battle-cry.

## ALADDIN

“**N**EW lamps for old lamps.”

Who is it crying by the door?  
While the feet of the women move softly  
On the smooth of the cedarwood floor.  
The Indian slaves are bringing amber  
And the black slaves come with gold,  
While the white slaves pour for me diamonds  
Who cries “New lamps for old?”

“*New lamps for old lamps.*”

Like flowers on a winter-dry thorn  
My palaces blossom on the desert  
Who would go crying in the morn?  
For the wizard goes the hard way and lonely  
While here there is pleasure manifold.  
But the feet of the young men follow after  
Who cries “New lamps for old.”

## THE BLACK MADONNA

I HAVE no memory of my first name.

Cybele was I when men built this place,  
And set me here and ringed me round with flame  
And incense blew in gusts across my face.  
Mary they name me now, but still the same  
Sorrows are poured before me for my grace.

Amid the colours waning and dim gold  
I watch the women from my marble throne  
Shuffle across the pavement as of old  
And kneel upon the same knee-dinted stone,  
Crying : “Thy love abides and grows not cold.  
Mother, have pity upon us, thine own.”

Then they recount an age-long litany :  
My love forgets me ; mine is oversea ;  
My son is sick ; no son at all have I ;  
Age overtakes me, Mother succour me ;  
Be near me in my travail ;— when I die ;  
Our crops are thin, replenish field and tree.

And so they pray and patter home again.  
O griefs unchanging while the long years run !  
O many prayers and sorrows told in vain !  
My hands lie still and I am still a stone.  
Does any hear and ease them of their pain ?  
Or are they succourless till life be done ?

## TENEBRÆ

(*In Victoria Street*)

THE short day wanes, the sunset fills the sky  
With distant flare of pyre or festival,  
The town is amber, bronze, chalcedony,  
The windows flash upon the upper wall.  
But as a grave laid open, down below  
In a grey shadow the grey people move.  
Suddenly, from a tower amid the glow,  
The great bell tolls above,  
And in the mastering sound  
The trivial clamors of the day are drowned.

*Remember ye the dead,  
Whose hidden graves ye tread,  
Whose words are dumb, whose dust is blown  
abroad.*

*O, soon to join the thronging, shadowy horde,  
Unchronicled, unseen, unpitiéd,  
Pray for the dead !*

The sun is quenched, the lighted windows close,  
And blank as dead men's faces stand the walls.  
Peal upon peal, with ringing passionate blows,  
Upon the iron town their hammer falls.  
It seems to shatter our low skies, and bring  
The stars beyond the smoke before our sight,

The silence that engulfs our questioning,  
The challenge of the night  
Our dust-bound souls to rend,  
Crying: Remember, God, the darkness, and the  
end.

*Remember ye the dead,  
O hearts uncomforted!  
From sin and aspiration and despair,  
Secular sorrow, momentary care,  
Turn, turn your souls whither their souls are sped,  
Pray for the dead!*

## THE DEAD SAILOR

**I**N the churchyard green why have you laid me,  
Under the tower where the great bells swing,  
Where from the unshaken elms that shade me  
The blacks rooks sail upon level wing.

I will go down when the night is falling  
Through the barley that rustles like foam  
Till I hear the galloping surges calling  
The dusty soul of the sailor home.

Past the wicket and through the heather,  
Over the turf that is stiff with brine,  
Then two old friends will be met together  
And the breath and gulf of the sea be mine.

Then I will dance where the sunlight quivers,  
Rise and fall with the curl of the wave,  
Laugh while they race up a thousand rivers  
And boom and hiss in a thousand caves.

And, when the saffron of eve grows paler,  
I will go whisper on Yarmouth shore  
Where a woman waits for her son a sailor,  
And looks for a ship that comes no more.

## RONDEL OF LONDON

TO-DAY I spake with souls that journeyed by.  
Here in the street they touched me as they passed.

Sorrow and Hope and Terror flying fast,  
Life soon to bud, or, withering, soon to die.

And many more with troubled, speechless eye  
Into my heart their timeless question cast.  
To-day I spake with souls that journeyed by  
Here in the street they touched me as they passed.

The spires consumed in sunset, ceaselessly  
The traffic surged with sob and trumpet blast.  
Dusty, ensnared, immortal, driven fast  
They raised their faces to the evening sky.—  
To-day I spake with souls that journeyed by.

## A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS

OUT in the empty desert all alone,  
Blown by the winds and lapped by waves  
of grass,

There stands beneath the unseeing skies a stone,  
Where nevermore the foot of man shall pass.

Set up to mark the grave of one that died  
Long years ago, whereon may be descried  
In signs to all but human eyes unknown :

*Faithful is God, for He remembereth ;  
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.*

Here come the deer, because the grass is sweet ;

The wounded bird, because the shadow thrown  
Shelters its aching body from the heat ;

And here a thousand flying seeds are blown,  
And after growth and blossom, here they die,

Even as he whose bones beneath them lie.  
Of men to read the writing comes not one :

*Faithful is God, for He remembereth ;  
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.*

The busy hands that did this carving make,

The eyes that wept, the voices that made  
moan

Long respite from their grief and labors take ;  
Their tears are dry, their lamentation done.

The stars, like jewels on a banner spread,  
Are borne to other battles overhead ;  
Still cries the grave, taunting oblivion :  
*Faithful is God, for He remembereth ;*  
*The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.*

## SONG OF REVOLUTION

O YE who from your palaces keep rule in  
force and fear,

(Hear the people muster in the night!)

For words of peace we spake our woes, our  
words ye would not hear.

(And it's *Swords!* and let God defend the  
right!)

We prayed to dwell where we had built, to  
reap where we had sown.

(Hear the people muster in the night!)

Our answer was your soldiery, that laughing  
rode us down.

(And it's *Swords!* and let God defend the  
right!)

Ye may slay us, the forerunners, with the victory  
unwon,

(Hear the people muster in the night!)

Ye cannot slay the nation, and our children  
follow on,

Crying, “*Swords!* and let God defend the  
right!”

Sleep soundly oh! our children and wake  
mighty in the morn,

(Hear the people muster in the night!)  
For our hour it is midnight, but yours shall be  
the dawn,  
When the sword shall be sheathed from the  
fight.

## THE SPHINX

ERE days were days upon the earth  
The Lord Almighty laid His hand.  
I rose an everlasting hill,  
And round my feet I felt the sand.  
I felt upon my sightless brows  
The child-winds leaning in their play,  
Felt the first ripple of the Nile  
Slip through my stones its seaward way.

Some came and shaped me brows and breast.  
They gave me hearing, lips, and eyes.  
I heard the clanging of their gongs,  
Smelt savour of their sacrifice.  
I saw the kings in golden prows  
Row with the flood to crown or bride,  
I heard the wailing when they came  
Back to the tomb, against the tide.

There passed a word between the winds.  
They stirred the plains beyond the West.  
The sands rose high behind my head,  
The sands surged up against my breast.  
The two waves meeting on my brows,  
I waited, hidden in my place,  
Till man remembered me again  
And swept the sand from off my face.

Now Nile is far, and knows me not,  
The desert sands remorseless rise,  
My head is battered by the men  
That used to make me sacrifice.  
I lift my smitten brows and wait.  
Men pass as prints of summer rain.  
Nile will remember and return  
To flow before my feet again.

## UT CARO INFIRMA

**K**EEP, O my heart, the lifted road,  
Unsoiled and silent and remote,  
Where, if the mists about me float  
They stir with whisperings of God.

Yet tread my feet, the dusty way,  
The common highway filled with men ;  
Give back, mine eyes, their looks again  
And touch, my hands, their hands all day.

Ah God ! that cloud on cloud should roll  
Down 'twixt the human eyes and me.  
That darkness in the day should be,  
Dust in the pathways of the soul.

## BEFORE SLEEP

LAY by, lay by, the viol and the bow,  
Carry away the wine cup and the feast,  
Cover the lights and bid the singers go,  
At last, at least,  
Set wide the window, let the night winds blow.

Behold the moon beyond the garden rim  
Pearl-browed, amid obscuring clouds ascend,  
Filling the sky with wings of cherubim  
To hover and befriend,  
Great pinions spread above the meadows dim.

Yet we that have been merry are afraid.  
Pity of God ! O patient Heart of Christ !  
That see'st how easily we are dismayed,  
Do Thou keep tryst,  
And in the ultimate terror give us aid.

## A RIDING SONG

AS I was riding through the woods, a-riding  
in the rain,  
Within the dripping hawthorn brake a bird  
began to sing ;  
But could not call my thoughts from her I once  
besought in vain,  
Long, long ago in the spring.

As I was riding through the dark, a-riding in  
the West,  
I saw the roses by the gate ungathered in the  
moon.  
There it was she answered me, with roses in her  
breast,  
Long, long ago in the noon.

As I was riding by the church, a-riding by the  
wall,  
“Surely,” I said, “the strife is done, ’t was  
long ago she died.”  
I could not find her grave to bless among the  
grasses tall !—  
Still, from the dead am I denied !

## FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE

SILENCE and chill ; the beeches stand afire  
    'Twixt pallid elm and pine no years despoil.  
The golden bracken rusts, and sere and bare  
    The chilling brambles coil.

Upon the burnished footing of a glade,  
Thin as a smoke a phantom shape arose,  
Who peered and muttered as a man dismayed  
    “Where are my foes?”

Another flickered by his side, who said,  
“Brother, be comforted, thy foes are gone,  
Sailed from us long ago and left their dead.  
    For I was one.

“Our ways are done, our battles at an end  
Conquest nor overthrows, delights nor grieves,  
Let us lie down again as friend with friend  
    Under the leaves.”

I heard no more. The branches dripped, the sun  
Sank without flames and closed an autumn day.  
While through the mist the dead leaves one by  
    one  
    Flutter into decay.

"Woe unto you, for ye built the sepulchres of the  
 prophets and your fathers killed them. Truly ye bear  
 witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers; for they  
 indeed built them, and ye built their sepulchres. There-  
 fore . . . the blood of all the prophets which was shed  
 from the foundation of the world . . . shall be required  
 of this generation."  
**T**HE souls of all that combated  
 In power girt and garlanded  
 From their high thrones the nations scan.  
 And watch their children in the fray,  
 The prophets of a later day,  
 Wage the old war in the old way.  
 Who neither prize nor strive at all  
 To win the goal of all men's feet;  
 But hear the tempest by the wall  
 Cry, and at end of every street  
 See daws arise and days expire,  
 And many a flame of lifted fire,  
 Therto to turn all men's desire.  
 Then runs a word men's converse through;  
 "Behold the garnished grave of each  
 Prophet of old our fathers knew,  
 Martyrs, in death their truths they teach !

In death they did incarnadine.  
 And foremost he whose earthly shrine  
 The seers of old in glory shine :  
 Like well-loved dead in memory,  
 Where in perpetual light arrayed,  
 Through storm and star and sphere on high,  
 While those they slew arise unstayed

These led the ignorant astray.”  
 “Surely we have done well to-day,  
 And proud and well-content they say  
 And feast and market as before,  
 They leave the dead to die alone  
 Of him that troubled men of yore  
 And thus they do, and on the stone

Atonement to the offended dead.”  
 And on the stone their blood be shed,  
 Choke in the dust the words they said,  
 Bring them to our old prophet’s tomb.  
 Have we not heard the blasphemey?  
 “These men blaspheme, and are we dumb?

Till at the last there comes a cry :

Of late-born babblers overbold.”  
 Nor heed the mocking manifold  
 Cleave to the mighty men of old,

“Yea,” saith the prophet, “even so  
Their scars and sorrows are the same  
As we, too, suffered long ago,  
Ah, God ! ah, God ! that with the name  
Of swordsmen in the self-same fray  
The priests and champions of decay  
Silence our children still to-day.  
“Come, take your rest. But nevermore  
Till Time and man together cease  
Shall cease the everlasting war,  
For treaty or for armistice,  
For losers’ cry or victors’ wreathe,  
Twixt fear and truth and dust and breath,  
Fire and the darkness, life and death.”

Out on the plain where we suffered and died,  
 Deep in the trench that we dug and defended,  
 Valley or field or on barren hillside,  
 Leave us to lie where the bullet has laid us,

pray?

More than the prayers that unnamed ye  
 More than the blessings a stranger can give us,  
 While the shrill bullet sped fierce on its way,  
 us,  
 Are not the tears that our comrades prayed o'er  
 Praise of our country and tears of our home?  
 More than the fairest of marble engraven,  
 Bullet-scored rocks than the shade of a dome?  
 Is not our blood more than oil of anointing?

Crying our graves are apart and unblest?  
 Coming to bear us away to the city,  
 Who is it coming to trouble our rest?  
 Sleepings?

**WHAT** is the cry that breaks in on our

HILLS and valleys are resting,  
 Stars shine bright overhead,  
 Flights of angels are watching,  
 Round my little one's bed.  
 Lo! the breezes have blown the  
 Dreams that await by the pane,  
 Turn thee over and sleep,  
 Or they will be gone again.  
 The dreams are flocking and trooping,  
 This is the tale of the dreams  
 That await thy eyelids drooping.  
 A Queen with a crown of silver,  
 A King with a crown of gold,  
 A hundred laughing playmates,  
 Meadows that spread and unfold.  
 In a boat that is made of rose leaves,  
 On a long blue rippling river,  
 That flows for ever and ever,  
 Four white pigeons shall draw thee,  
 Four more flutter before thee,  
 Four wee goldcrests steer thee,  
 More be hovering near thee,

Down by meadowlands gliding,  
Thou shalt hear fairies singing,  
Thou shall hear bluebells ringing,  
Birds shall stoop to thy finger,  
Sounds at thy bidding linger! —  
Low droops the eyelid and lower,  
Soft comes the breathing and slower! —  
Baby has dropped asleep.  
Open the window wider,  
Let the dreams fly in,  
Come and nestle beside her.

He has given to me the beacons four,  
A Cross in the southern sky,

Now I am dead as well as he,  
And marvel strange to tell  
But him they nailed upon the tree  
Is Lord of Heaven and Hell.  
And judgeth who dorth wickedly  
Rewardeth who dorth well.

I bore along the road,  
The Cross wherein he was to die  
On me they laid his load.  
There stood no other stranger by  
I saw him nailed, I heard him cry  
Forsaken of his God.

He fell at my garments hem.  
Broken and weak and driven fast  
With thorns for diadem.  
I saw them lead a prisoner past  
Outside Jerusalem  
T HIS is the tale from first to last; —

*Simon by name; him they compelled to bear his cross."*  
"And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene,

In token that his Cross I bore  
In his extremity;  
For one I never knew before  
The day he came to die.

THREE years ago her lover died, and grief  
 Is silence, not oblivious of the past.  
 But pain persistent made her numb at last.  
 Death looms beyond blank years of trodden leaf,  
 But if no longing howsoever brief,  
 Backward into the time of joy be cast,  
 She can endure each moment as the last.  
 Gleamed from the dust to make a withered sheaf.

Therefore she fills the minutes as they fall  
 With busy nothings, runnings to and fro,  
 Aimless activities perpetual.  
 So shall the seasons unrecorded go  
 And passing of the days memorial  
 Like feet of mourners muted in the snow.

WHEN hedgerow oaks are tipped with red,  
 With hey ! the hollyhock tops the wall !  
 When seven rings the sun to bed  
 And yellow leaves do singly fall.  
 When eve with fog doth cloke the sedge,  
 With hey ! for the round moon ripe and gold !  
 On those must sleep beside the hedge  
 The autumn dewdrops tricke cold.  
 When person prays to spare the rain,  
 With hey ! for harvest and fellowship !  
 And reapers drink beside the wain,  
 "Tis hard, but I may get a sip.

I  
 N and out of the garden-maze  
   (Hear the waves, the tide is full),  
 The lovers walked in the sudden ways  
   (Why do you press towards the gate?)  
     (Love, let me go).  
 II  
 The new moon sinks and the time is late  
   (Hear the waves, the tide is full),  
     (Love, let me go).  
 III  
 And mariners serve the changing tide  
   (The tall ship waits with her wings spread wide  
     (Love, let me go).  
 IV  
 "There are havens eastward and havens west  
   (Hear the waves, the tide is full),  
     (Love, let me go).  
 V  
 "But havens none for my heart to rest"  
   (But the waves none for my heart to rest)  
     (Love, let me go).

**D**EAD men, whose heavy ashes here we hide,  
 Not yours, I think, the ghosts to stir this  
 But comes he never that this Abbey made  
 Whose name we know not, neither how he died.  
 Princes and kings that gave their gold in pride  
 Lie still enough, nor stir themselves at all;  
 But he that flings these arches up so tall  
 Should sometimes wish to see how they abide.  
 Now, while his pillars all stand sentinel,  
 While for one hour the city tunders sleep,  
 In some still shadow surely he must wait,  
 To fade at dawn contented, for that still  
 Darkness and silence in their vigil keep  
 This his immortal shrine inviolate.

Must be with a dearer fuel fed;  
 And a light that none shall cover, Time's gulf  
 Surely for her a redder beam is shed.  
 For festival, for war they show,— for sorrow  
 How shall it bring us relief?  
 If we lift torches for our signaling  
 How shall it tell of our grief?  
 If we bring lamps for our shining  
 Bring fire.

A message of the lives and bodies broken  
 We will have fire, fire for a token  
 Pour out the oil for us and cleave the pine.  
 A light that the Lord shall see in Heaven,  
 We will take fire, fire to make a sign,  
 Therefore, since he is worn and overladen  
 The tale of the whole earth's sorrowing.  
 But now his wings are torn with the bitter burden  
 All held his errand for a little thing,  
 Once, men say, he journeyed radiant,  
 Passing by on his journey to heaven?

Or is it the Harvester of sorrows  
 With rain and with branches driven?  
 Is it the wind beats the window  
 I

*Bring fire.*

Therefore, O Heart of Youth, be swift to kindle,  
Therefore, O Flame, our Cloven Flame of old,  
That art not overcome, though thou mayst dwindle  
Into our withered thoughts, our spirits cold,  
Therefore bring fire, fire to make a token,  
Yea, hearts consumed the price of many broken

“Is there no man of you so merciful,  
Not one of all the men that pass me by  
Will bring a little drop my lips to cool?”  
A cry on Calvary.  
But all men wagged their heads and passed afar,  
Nor heeded alien wreathes crucified  
That bled and suffered upon Golgotha  
Or ever Jesus died.  
On unavailing roads their blood was poured  
And all the world unhelpen of their death.  
Poor nameless, countless, unremembered horde  
Whom no man piteth.

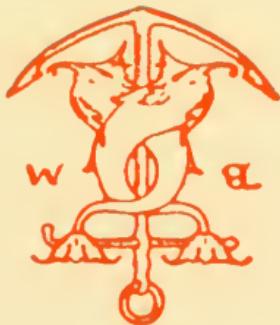


## EVENING HYMN IN A CITY

THE lengthening shadows of the night  
Across our streets and spaces lie,  
And God brings down His infinite  
To man within the circling sky,  
Ere daylight's latest gleam departs  
Father we turn to Thee our hearts.

The dim church arches rising high  
Shut in a quiet place to pray  
Against the drone and clang and cry  
That fills the city through the day.  
Our work at end, ere night begins  
Lord make our spirits still within.

We pray Thee Lord the darkness bless  
To be to those in pain relief,  
A hiderance unto wickedness  
A respite to the mourner's grief.  
That all men may be strong when day  
Calls us again to work and pray.



DISTRIBUTED.

NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES OF  
THIS BOOK PRINTED ON VAN GELDER  
HAND-MADE PAPER AND THE TYPE





NOV 1 1912

M 13



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: July 2009

**Preservation Technologies**  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111

**WERT BOOKBINDING**

**JAN 1989**

**Granville, PA**

